EDWIN AND MARGUERITE

AND

OTHER POEMS

BY W. TATTON.

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A Legend,

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PREFACE.

I am aware that it is not customary to affix a preface to a book of Poems; nothing, perhaps, is more distasteful to the general reader. But yet there are occasions when it becomes imperative in an Author to write a Preface, through his having something that is necessary to be said, relative to himself, his book; or, may be, to express obligation for some individual favor or favors, that have in connexion with his labors, been conferred. It is a duty closely assimilated to the last named that now devolves on me: I have to thank my Subscribers, and let them be assured I do so most heartily

and sincerely. Had it not been for their kindness my little cargo of rhyme would never have been launched on the world: for, be it remembered, the man who has to work for his daily bread, will consider long before he ventures to cast it on uncertain waters. But I am forgetful of my own interest; this intimation that I am a working man will, perhaps, prove inimical to the further success of my book, as many entertain the erroneous idea that nothing is worthy attention, or ought to be encouraged, unless fostered under the smile of Fortune. Let me be rightly understood,—I do not mean to assert that such impressions are general; on the contrary, I believe that it is the heartfelt desire of the majority of those in a higher sphere of life, to encourage and promote the humble aspirations of

their less fortunate fellow mortals. But that the feelings above referred to do exist to a most lamentable extent my own experience in every way confirms and justifies the assertion. Be it, however, as it may, I shall ever feel grateful to those who have aided me, and should indeed be pleased, aye more, the highest point of my ambition would be attained, were I to know that they, on perusing the little book, had found sufficient in it to repay them for the kindness they so willingly conferred on the Author.

Stoke, Devonport, October, 1860.

EDWIN AND MARGUERITE:

A Legend.

The morning dawns, the sky is clear,
  And fair the sunlight falls
On blithe and happy hearts, within
  Yon castle's moated walls.

There Edwin, gallant Edwin lives—
  A comely youth is he,
And dauntless as the lion bold
  That roams the forest free.

But three months back and his strong arm
  Wrought many a valiant deed,
That evermore will claim for him
  In fame a warrior's meed.

'Twas then a feudal chieftain brought
  A whelming hostile train,
And strove to scale those rampart heights,
  But was drove back again.

For Edwin with his yeomen bold
  Dauntless their force withstood,
Until these lands were strewn with dead,
  These waters stain'd with blood.

But victory, glorious victory crowns
  The noble deeds they've done,
And Peace hath come well laden with
  Rewards for valour won.

This merry morn he's up betimes,
  And ordered his good steed,
With a body, too, of stout yeomen,
  To be ready and wait his need.

"For," quoth he, "tis my intent—
  If naught my plans delay—
To march into the forest wild,
  And chase the boar to-day."

The sun has climb'd the hills, and all
  Are now prepared to start;
But lo, young Edwin stays to press
  A fair girl to his heart.

The blooms of twenty springs have scarce
  Their ripening beauties strewn
Upon her path, but womanhood
  Hath claimed her for its own.

And she's as sportive as the fawn,
  And graceful as the swan,
And is withal as fair a flower
  As e'er the sun shone on.

It is the Lady Marguerite,
  His gentle, lovely bride,
Whom but a month ago, he vow'd
  To love, whate'er betide.

In weal and woe, in life thro' all
  The change that mortals see,
To such a vow so brave a heart
  As his will constant be.

Awhile they stand, eyes mirror eyes,
  In depths of fulgent love,
As chaste and pure as seraphims,
  Around the throne above.

As now with elvish, merry laugh
  Her dainty voice doth ring,
She seems like one just risen from
  The heaven arms of spring.

The faithful steed has weary grown,
  E'en with the brief delay,
And oft he rears and prances 'round,
  With loud impatient neigh.

"Tis wrong to leave thee," Edwin says,
  "But lady do not fear,
For I'll return to thee long ere
  The shades of eve appear."

With fervent kiss and fond embrace,
  The gloom of parting 's crowned,
And graceful on his charger, now,
  He swiftly scours the ground.

With anxious and admiring love,
  Her gaze doth him pursue,
Until the dusky, woven trees
  Have veil'd him from her view.

The wonted lightness leaves her step,
  She breathes forth many a sigh,
For latent, boding fears creep o'er
  Her mind—she knows not why.

The purple hues of eve begin
  To fall around serene;
And lo! on yonder lofty tower,
  Fair Marguerite is seen.

Upon the parapet she leans,
  And views the country 'round,
And listens oft full fain to hear
  The winding horn resound.

"I fear," saith she, "some ill betides
  My lord, or where is he?
Before yon moon arose, he said,
  He would return to me."

"Sad thoughts and fears have pained my [breast,
  This weary, anxious day;
I'm sure some ill my lord betides,
  Or else where can he stay?"

Fast and more fast her heart still throbs
  With boding, anxious fear,
When joy! she in the distance sees
  Her Edwin 'proaching near.

Once more he 's lost to view,—once more
  His noble form she sees,
Within the glade, and so she waves
  Her kerchief in the breeze.

Hope, fear, and love commingled rise,
  And in her bosom burn;
She longs for him to see she waits
  To welcome his return.

"I know," she saith, "if he beholds
  Me lingering lonely here,
He 'll homeward haste without delay,
  And turn to joy my fear."

"Ah me! what hideous howls are those,
  That on the night air rise,
They fill my mind with dire alarm—
  Hark! how they rend the skies."

"I would that I were near him now,
  To share his perils grim,
Or know the worst—great heaven!
  My head with terror seems to swim."

No more she speaks; oh! list, that shriek—
  It makes the blood run cold—
Oh frightful, dreadful sight, 'tis she,
  Alas! behold! behold!

Far o'er the turret she has leaned,
  In anxious, frantic woe,
And—fearful scene—she's falling to
  The awful depths below.

Look! heaven! she has the ivy grasp'd,
  And clings with deadly fear;
Her shrieks arise from earth to skies,
  But yet no one can hear.

Alas! alas, she's growing faint,
  No help her screams yet bring:
A moment more and she must fall,
  She cannot longer cling.

Have mercy heaven, 'tis so, 'tis so,
  All saving hope is past;
Her hold is lost—one shriek resounds,
  And oh! that shriek's the last.

In death she lies—not e'en a moan
  Disturbs the evening air;
Beneath the sky all things appear
  Divinely calm and fair.

Let us now turn to him who 'll soon
  This mournful loss complain,
And whose melodious voice in mirth
  Will ne'er resound again.

The chase hath been a weary one,
  For they 've but little found,
Although they 've traversed many a mile
  Of dreary forest ground.

So as the day begins to close,
  Lord Edwin homeward turns,
With disappointment weary fraught,
  Which greatly all concerns.

For honest reverence, manly love,
  Are links alone that bind
Each one, in singleness of heart,
  Unto their master kind.

Now spake one bolder than the rest:
  "My lord, thou 'lt pardon me,
An I do say, that in yon copse,
  Some rare sport waiteth thee."

"For, if it please you, only now,
  I plainly did descry,
From 'tween these trees, a bristly boar
  Into yon thicket hie."

"Thanks, thanks good yeoman," Edwin saith,
  Then turns his steed about,
And makes toward the coppice which
  The yeoman pointeth out.

Not far they 've sped 'mong prickly brakes—
  Whence startled birds take wing—
When lo! a huge, fierce, growling wolf
  Doth on the foremost spring.

The monster by the throat he grasps,
  And from the saddle free,
He loudly, as assistance comes,
  Cries, "leave the brute to me."

Most fierce and fearful is the fray,
  The blood flows o'er the ground,
And all the country near and far,
  With thrilling yells resound.

More desperate still, but still more weak,
  Each moment seem the foes,
As to and fro they reel and fall,
  In fierce and deadly close.

But suddenly the yells now cease,
  And cheers rise lustily
From all around—for victory's gained
  By Edwin—yes 'tis he!

He rises from the gory ground,
  And pants right hard for breath,
Then smiles on his antagonist,
  In the last throe of death.

"Now, by the holy rood," quoth he,
  Thou wert a sturdy beast,
And would'st of me, no doubt, have made
  A quick and dainty feast."

"But fierce, bloodthirsty brute, thou hast
  Yielded the palm to me,
And hence the trophy of my power,
  Thy carcase e'en shall be."

"So here good yeomen, take it up,
  And bear it homeward straight;
For I perceive our lady doth
  For me impatient wait."

No sooner said than shoulder high
  The monster 's easy swung,
And cheerly on thro' woods and groves,
  He 's proudly borne along.

Until, once more delighted, they
  The lofty towers can hail:
Standing in calm, defiant pride
  Within the lonely vale.

Full many a wistful, lovelit glance,
  Brave Edwin oft doth throw,
Toward the tower where he beheld
  His bride an hour ago.

As if by latent impulse moved,
  Behind the rest he stays,
And fixes on that vacant place,
  An anxious, lingering gaze.

Then museth he, "she 's weary grown,
  Or knows not I 'm so near,
Else I mistake if her fair form
  Would not straightway appear."

Now suddenly the reverie 's broke,
  By soft, melodious sound,
As of a thousand harping tongues,
  Flooding the air around.

Near and more near and passing sweet,
  These glorious chantings seem;
Absorbing all the soul and sense,
  As some bright spirit dream.

Toward the tower he fondly looks,
  Whence, hovering in the air,
The spirit-choir appears to be,
  But naught is moving there.

He gazes still, and now his soul
  Vibrates with new surprise;
For from the moat he thence beholds
  A small white cloud arise.

It upward soars yet higher and higher,
  In rounded compact form,
Bright, beautiful, and all unlike
  The one that bodes a storm.

Divinest music 'round it rings,
  Triumphant peal on peal;
And, slowly opening wide, it doth
  A wondrous sight reveal.

A female, lovely as the morn,
  Alone and mournful stands,
Intently gazing from a tower
  She waves her small white hands.

A sudden wild shriek rends the air
  And darkness spreads around;
When instantly that beauteous form
  Lies mangled on the ground.

Aghast, alarmed, the sight he views,
  Grief thrills his bosom's core;
But lo! the scene has changed, and is
  More lovely than before.

Upon a throne more dazzling bright
  Than e'er was burnished gold,
Mid halos of celestial light
  His bride he doth behold.

And still more glorious and divine
  Those seraph chantings rise,
While she majestic seems, amid
  Pure heaven-created joys.

As round her choirs of angels stand
  And seeming cares beguile,
Her Edwin she beholds and doth
  Intently on him smile.

The sounds now cease,—she forward leans,
  And seeming comes more near,
While these fond words, in accents sweet,
  Prophetic greet his ear.

"Be happy love and let not grief
  Thy bosom pain for me;
In one short year we 'gain shall meet
  And re-united be."

Deep moved with wonder and with love
  He to her fain would speak;
But, as when in a dream, his voice
  Is low, unclear, and weak.

And e'en before the echo dies
  Of her love-breathing tone,
The vision 's passed away, and he
  Stands saddened and alone.

He peers into the glooms of night
  In pain bewildered state;
Then mournful to his castle wends—
  Now drear and desolate.

Gloomily seems the moon in the sky,
  As dark clouds near it lower,
But gloomier far is Edwin's heart,
  As he stands by yon tower.

Fear thro' the castle reign'd, for all
  The serving train had miss'd
Their lady long, but whither gone,
  Not one of them did wist.

So straightway to the tower he went
  With mournful, throbbing mind,
Knowing too well that there he should
  His own belov'd one find.

The torches burned and scared the gloom,
  And by the water side,
Like a fair flower cut down and bruised,
  He found his beauteous bride.

Oh! never on that reedy shore
  Ebbed out so fair a life,
And never on that reedy shore
  Were sorrows e'er so rife.

He kneels and kisses her pale lips,
  By death now set apart;
And sad and fond he draws her to
  His faithful beating heart.

Now broods he o'er her tenderly,
  As a mother o'er her child;
And takes her fondly in his arms,
  As grief his brain turns wild.

To a room in the tower he bears her straight,
  Where all is solemn still;
And fraught with manly sorrow, there
  He mourns his direful ill.

Oh! 'tis a loss that thousands know,
  But few like him can feel;
There is a wound made by that blow
  Which time nor change can heal.

His darkest hour of grief being o'er,
  At once resolves are rife,
As how from hence he 'll journey through
  The dreary vale of life.

Fondly and silent for awhile
  He views her form in death;
Then in slow, measured tones, these words
  To it thus musing saith:

"Thou best beloved of all on earth,
  Oh! if thou canst me hear;
Yea! if thy spirit, heavenly pure!
  Should still be hovering near,

"Know that my heart can ne'er again
  Resume its wonted joy,
Since thou art gone and left a void,
  Which nought can e'er supply.

"Therefore, in calm seclusion hence—
  In meditation free—
I 'll patient wait 'till, joy, again
  We shall united be."

Scarce have the last words died away,
  When round him seems to flow,
The breathings of an unknown voice,
  In murmurs soft and low.

"Boast not," it saith, "of what thou'lt do,
  Grief has no settled stay,
It comes, resolves are wrought—it goes,
  And they too die away.

"More blest than mortal can conceive—
  In the celestial sphere—
The one thou mournest is, and none
  Of thy sad plaints may hear."

"Mysterious stranger," Edwin saith,
  "Thee I seek not to know,
And 'tis not seeming well for thee
  To aggravate my woe.

"None ingress here could gain, so if
  Thou dost communion hold
With beings in the loftier sphere,
  To her my words unfold.

"The dove, when it has lost its mate,
  To lonesome shades will hie;
And solace seek in mournfulness,
  And flee the sun-lit sky."

He stops! no answer comes; ah, list!
  Approaching sounds he hears;
And, straight before his startled gaze,
  A feudal chief appears.

With seeming hate, his scowling eyes
  Immoved on Edwin look;
Until resentment fires that breast,
  Which ne'er could insult brook.

"Thou base intruder!" loud he cries,
  And, fearless, rushes on
To an attack; but, passing strange,
  The warrior's instant gone.

Amazed, perplexed, he tries to find
  How he came there, but vain;
Each place is well secured, and none
  Unheard could entrance gain.

Once more he sits beside the corpse,
  Haggard and pale; yet he
Now thinks the wraith-like visitant
  Must an illusion be.

Still in his mind the sturdy form,
  And stern, forbidding face;
Have left an impress far too deep
  For aught else to erase.

But quiet now no longer reigns,
  For morn, with cheering light,
Bursts brightly in the room, and soothes
  His aching mind and sight.

And action gives life to resolves,
  And hurryings too and fro
Resound; whilst care-worn looks bespeak
  Much deep but silent woe.

But let us draw the curtain o'er
  This scene of mournful gloom;
And in twelve months from yester-night,
  Our narrative resume.

'Tis a glorious summer's day, the air
  Is fragrant and serene;
And leaves and flowers, beneath the sun,
  Display their dazzling sheen.

Within a cave, amid yon trees,
  A lonely hermit dwells;
To none he 's known, for studious he
  All intercourse repels.

Books are the only friends he has
  To while the hours away;
And from that place, since there he dwelt,
  He ne'er was known to stray.

Except at eve, when skies are blue,
  And hush'd is every sound;
Then sad and pensive oftimes he,
  Has walked these gardens round.

If judging from the hoary beard,
  That doth his breast adorn,
'T would seem some sixty years or more,
  His stately frame had borne.

Strange tales of him the peasants tell,
  With many a sign of fear,
That how to some one oft he talks,
  Though nobody's seen near.

Just now a group of four or five
  Met in yon shaded way;
And, passing by, I stay'd awhile
  To hear what they would say.

"I heard him talking once," says one,
  "So got behind a tree;
And looked right hard, but not a soul,
  These eyes of mine could see.

"They're ghosts, thought I, so off I ran,
  With all my might and main;
And never from that hour to this,
  Have I been there again.

"How strange the man should choose to live
  In solitude and gloom;
Close by the place that frights us all,
  I mean the haunted tomb.

"For there, full well as me you know,
  That almost every night,
The ghost of our good Lady's seen
  Walking, dressed all in white."

"And yet all this," another saith,
  "Is to the stranger known;
Still fears he not, but e'en prefers
  Abiding there alone.

"And it is said, at midnight dark,
  The spirit to him sings;
And talks for hours, and tells to him
  Most strange and wondrous things.

"May heaven watch o'er him, oft say I,
  And keep him from all harm;
I know, were I the ghost to see,
  'T would vastly me alarm.

"Why our Lord Edwin built that place,
  Ere he away did go,
Is matter which full oft, I'll own,
  Has puzzled me to know.

"I would to God that he 'd return,
  Blest as he used to be,
Before that hour in which occurred,
  The sad calamity."

"Alack a day!" exclaims a third,
  "That was a fearful blow
Which he ne'er got the better of,
  As all of you well know.

"Ten weary months have pass'd, since he
  Left here 'mid sorrow grim;
But yet, alas! not e'en a word
  Has e'er been heard of him."

"All this is strange," replies a fourth,
  "But things as strange as that
Take place so often now, that nought
  Is to be wondered at."

How far this talk had been prolonged
  It would be hard to say,
But sounds were in the distance heard,
  Which made them haste away.

I've said, that it is near twelve months
  From that ill fated hour,
In which fell Lady Marguerite
  From yonder lofty tower.

It has been shown that soon as she
  Was laid within the tomb,
Edwin prepared to leave his home
  Of loneliness and gloom.

So to a trusty yeoman bold—
  Whose honesty of mind
Had been well tried—he for a time
  All his affairs consigned.

"And ye, brave men, defend these walls,"
  He said, "whilst I'm away,
Should there a foe perchance to come."
  "We will 'till death," cried they.

'Tis a summer's day, I've said, and now
  The balmy breath of flowers,
And songs of birds rise soft and sweet,
  To hallow evening hours.

Those sounds which rose awhile ago,
  And woke the peasants' fear,
And made them hasten fast away,
  Each moment draw more near.

The sky seems ominous, though bright,
  And every passer by,
With look of terror doth forebode
  That fatal danger's nigh.

Each one can recollect a tale,
  In wise prediction told,
That how some dire event, this night
  Is destined to unfold.

But to the castle turn, ah, see!
  There's hurrying to and fro,
And other movements which bespeak
  A fast approaching foe.

The bridge is drawn, the gates are closed;
  And now from walls and tower,
They list the tramp which breaks upon
  The silent evening hour.

Beside a fort two yeomen stand,
  Apart from all the rest,
Discussing things of dire import
  That agitate each breast.

"I would our Chief were with us now,"
  Saith one, with half-drawn sigh;
"For curious notions fill my mind,
  That great events are nigh."

"It may be so," his comrade saith,
  "Thy bodings may be right;
For sooth! I doubt not we shall have
  Some fearful work to-night.

"Now, think ye not it would be well
  For one of us to go
And proffer to the hermit some
  Protection from the foe?"

"Thou 'rt right, old comrade," he replies,
  "And palsy seize my hand,
If I don't try to keep him from
  That fierce, atrocious band."

But here their conversation ends,
  For, looking up, they see,
Amid the setting sun's bright rays,
  The advancing enemy.

Slow and determined, on they come,
  A thousand men or more;
So dread and well-armed force as this
  They never met before.

Most fearful implements of war
  Each moment greet their view,
But yet no craven pulse of fear
  Disturbs their valour true.

They stand as men should always stand,
  When death or danger 's nigh,
Heedless of all but noble deeds,
  They conquer or they die.

But now the warriors halt, and one
  Rides forward to proclaim
Proudly, a furious blast of war,
  In his great Chieftain's name.

"He comes," saith he, "go tell thy Lord
  'Tis his relentless foe,
Who suffered insult and repulse
  By him some months ago.

"Those wounds still burn with painful ire,
  Kindling revenge anew;
Therefore he bids me now demand
  The reparation due."

Scarce have the last menacious words,
  Imperious utterance found,
Than loud shouts from the castle walls,
  Near and afar resound.

He thinks that it an answer is,
  Of proud defiant scorn,
And, lo! straightway unto his Chief,
  Such tidings he has borne.

Enraged he hears, then onward comes,
  Resolved no more to wait,
To be the scoff of one who long
  Has been his deadly hate.

Now while this hostile band moves on,
  We 'll back a moment turn;
And why those thrilling shouts arose
  We soon shall quickly learn.

It yet must be remembered, that
  One thoughtful yeoman brave,
Proposed the hermit's cell to seek,
  The poor old man to save.

At once to do this deed humane,
  He went with honest pride;
And but few moments passed ere he
  Stood by the hermit's side.

With cap in hand, and reverent bow,
  He curtly him address'd,
As he sat 'neath the spreading oak,
  His noon-day place of rest.

"Father," he said, "thou wilt forgive
  My rude intrusion here,
As I have news to tell which much
  Concerneth thee to hear.

"A Chieftain with his warriors, who
  Essayed this moat to cross,
Some months ago, but was repulsed
  With sad defeat and loss,

"Has now returned, as 'twould appear,
  Lost laurels to retrieve;
And mark ye well, he 's one to whom
  Vengeance doth ever cleave.

"To offer thee a place more safe
  Than this, I 've sallied forth;
For if thou stayest here, thou 'lt not
  Escape th' invader's wrath."

The while the yeoman spoke these words,
  Fiercely the hermit's breast
Heaved with emotion, which was long
  Ere he could well suppress.

At length, he said, "Thanks, thanks, my son,
  But haste thou back again,
And leave me here, for be assured,
  No fears I entertain.

"Bow'd down with care, it little recks
  How soon this life of mine,
Unto the One that gave it me,
  Again I may resign."

The old man's purpose to abide
  Seemed firmly fix'd, and so
All further parley was withheld,
  The yeoman turned to go.

But he had not proceeded far,
  When glancing quickly round,
A startling vision filled his mind
  With wonderment profound.

For by the tree which he had left
  A moment scarce before,
A warrior stands, and by him lies
  The garb the hermit wore.

Back to the place he quick returns,
  To see who it may be,
When in the warrior, he beholds
  Edwin—aye, none but he!

And at this moment from the walls,
  The yeomen recognise
Their long-lost master, and most loud
  Their acclamations rise.

But little time have they to lose,
  For as I've said before,
That well arm'd host is drawing near,
  A thousand men or more.

So Edwin soon is fast employed
  In placing well his band,
As best to meet war's fearful shock,
  And dauntless it withstand.

Though direful as this moment seems,
  No fear their hearts molest;
But each man at his station stands,
  Resolved to do his best.

As on yon tower now faintly falls
  The last rays of the sun,
A sudden burst of tumult tells,
  That blood-stained war's begun.

Through every aperture, and o'er
  Each lofty tower and wall,
Where'er a human form is seen,
  Death-dealing missiles fall.

The moat is quickly crossed, and quick
  To scale the walls they try;
But reckless act, each man that tries,
  In death doth instant lie.

Yet now the walls must soon give way,
  For battering rams are brought
To bear, with ponderous force, against
  Each vulnerable part.

Edwin, brave Edwin, and his men
  Fight on most valiantly,
But how, against such fearful odds,
  Can they successful be?

Loud at this moment 'bove the din
  A furious crash is heard,
And to the place attention 's turned,
  To see what has occurred.

"S' death!" Lord Edwin cries, "brave men,
  May courage ye endow;
They 've made a breach, rush forward all,
  'Tis death or victory now."

On to the onslaught, on they dash,
  With daring, dauntless force,
As some great mountain torrent fast,
  And furious in its course.

Their swords and battle-axes gleam
  Up in the grey twilight,
And death is dealt with every blow ;
  Oh ! 'tis a fearful sight.

Loudly and brave still Edwin cheers
  His valiant warriors on;
For 'neath that overwhelming power,
  They 're falling one by one.

Seeing that hand to hand with them
  He cannot long compete,
At once he skilfully prepares
  To make a safe retreat.

The word is given, around they turn,
  To bravely fight their way
Toward the tower, where they, perchance,
  May keep the foe at bay.

But one and all, as lightning swift,
  Like bloodhounds take the track,
And by that noble few full oft
  Are driven slaughter'd back.

Loud moans of death each moment 's heard,
  As step by step they rise
Toward the tower's high summit, where
  Their only hope now lies.

The topmost step is reached, and there
  They make a fearless stand,
To assail the fast ascending foe,
  Most desperate, hand to hand.

Faster and faster still they rise,
  More furious grows the fray;
The dead and dying all around,
  Blood stain'd and mangled lay.

Edwin still cheers, and bids his men
  To flinch not in the fight,
And wields his keen and ponderous sword
  With ceaseless skilful might.

All who behold his valiant deeds,
  In this eventful hour,
At once must own that he 's endowed
  With more than mortal power.

Untiring, dauntless still he fights
  Where danger is most rife;
Each blow he strikes, the unknown world
  Receives at once a life.

As from a foe, prostrate in death,
  He turns his 'wilder'd eyes,
Before him he beholds a form,
  That thrills him with surprise.

A stalwart warrior, sure the same,
  Whose visit strange annoyed
Him in this tower, that direful night,
  When mourning his lost bride.

As he stood then, e'en now he stands,
  With sullen, threatening brow,
Till Edwin, "Demon," cries, enraged,
  "Thou 'lt not escape me now."

Obedient to an impulse, each
  Away their weapons fling,
And, tiger-like, most furiously
  Upon each other spring.

The foemen cease their murderous work,
  And in amazement stand;
Intent upon their Chiefs they gaze,
  Now grappling hand to hand.

Fierce and more fierce the combat 's waged,
  Their eye-balls wildly glare,
As desperate from side to side,
  They struggle in despair.

Urged by relentless hate, they now
  Approach—oh, thrilling sight!
The place whence Lady Marguerite fell
  On that ill-fated night.

One moment on the brink they pause,
  Alas! it is too late;
For headlong o'er the precipice
  They plunge to meet their fate.

The crash resounds, as down the steep
  The startled foemen turn,
To view their Chieftains' lifeless forms
  Enwrapt in silence stern.

Not e'en a groan or faint-drawn sigh
  Betrays a sign of life;
Death's done its work, and ended all
  Their enmity and strife.

Aye, never more can earthly cares
  Again their minds molest;
Nor proud ambition's hateful feuds
  Disturb their peaceful rest.

The while aghast they gaze below,
  Upon this fearful sight,
They see a female standing by,
  Amid the moon's pale light.

And scarce a moment passes ere,
  Close by her side is seen,
All clad in mail, a noble form
  Of seeming gentle mien.

Lo! there they stand as lovers fond
  At eve's enchanting hour,
While peace and joy around them shed
  A sweet beguiling power.

Surprised, a yeoman mournful saith,
  "Ah! well that form I know;
'Tis our good Lady, who fell here
  This night twelve months ago.

"And there's Lord Edwin by her side,
  Thank heaven, he's not dead;"
But ere these words have utterance found,
  Unseen they both have fled.

All, wondering, still look down below,
  And there they still descry
Those feudal Chiefs, in deadly grasp,
  As when they fell they lie.

The moon, at full, now sheds around
  Its fulgent beams of light,
And plainly shows the fearful work,
  That has been done to-night.

Elate with past success, the foe
  Exultant shouts amain;
And dauntless, Edwin's valiant few,
  Prepare to fight again.

But at this moment distant shouts
  Are heard distinct and clear,
Which plain bespeak a friendly power
  To theirs is hastening near.

Confusion reigns amid the foe,
  They fain would now forsake
The fight, which Edwin's men perceive,
  And quick advantage take.

Now sad and fearful havoc's wrought
  In this the final strife,
'Tis thrust for thrust, and blow for blow,
  And life at once for life.

But, hark! those shouts again arise,
  Most deafening to the sky;
And, lo! on wings of startled fear
  The foemen instant fly.

On, on, still on they swiftly flee,
  Chased by a thousand fears;
Again those shouts resound, and straight
  The friendly power appears.

By them the foe is quickly seen,
  And instant they pursue;
The while a yeoman hastes to give
  Their Chieftain welcome due.

Aye, there the noble warrior comes,
  Valiant and bold is he;
But kind and gentle, too, withal,
  As brave men e'er should be.

In front of him the yeoman now
  Respectfully doth stand,
Blood-stained and weary, from the fray,
  With his good sword in hand.

"My Lord," saith he, "conceive not thy
  Reception is remiss;
Thou wouldst be welcome at all times,
  But none more so than this.

"For since the sun last evening set,
  We 've fought with might and main;
My comrades all are wounded, and
  The brave Lord Edwin 's slain.

"Slain, did I say? not so I mean,
  If needs be I must tell;
'Twas not by foeman's blade he died,
  But from yon tower he fell.

"Alas! alas! what direful woe
  The fates have round me piled;
I could sit down and wring my heart,
  In weeping like a child."

'Tis true, for in those upraised eyes,
  At once the bright tears start,
In sorrow for the friend he loved
  With all a warrior's heart.

No more he says, but scans the more,
  The Chieftain's noble mien,
And soon a smile upon his face,
  Of recognition 's seen.

Yes! he beholds the brother lov'd
  Of him—the dauntless one,
And heir to all the large estates,
  Now he 's for ever gone.

Peace, painful peace, around on all
  Its settled gloom hath shed;
And sad and mournful 'tis to view
  The dying and the dead.

Lord Edwin's bruised and mangled corse
  Is sought and quickly found,
And all who knew him round it stand
  In mournfulness profound.

But these are scenes too fraught with pain
  To linger long upon;
So let us try to think of them
  As things long passed and gone.

In course of time, within the vault
  Beside the hermit's cave,
Edwin was laid by Marguerite,
  Lamented by the brave.

And only one brave man escaped,
  Long after to survive,
To tell the wonders of that night,
  And keep those deeds alive.

Now all who worth and virtue love,
  That faithful pair revere;
And seldom fail, when near this place,
  To shed a friendly tear.

And many a pledge of fervent love
  Beside the tomb is made,
For all believe vows plighted there
  Can never be betrayed.

E'en those, whose spirits soar to win
  Some future of renown,
Desire in all to be like him,
  Should fate their wishes crown.

And now my tale of this fond pair,
So well beloved, is done;
But may their names be handed down
Henceforth from sire to son.

Poems and Lyrics.

POEMS AND LYRICS.

THE COTTAGER'S SABBATH.

THE Sabbath Morn on golden wings,
  Spreads forth its solemn rays,
And loud the cotter's home resounds,
  With holy hymns of praise.
The turmoil of the week is o'er,
  And they've no further care
Than to ascribe their praise to Him
  Who hears and answers prayer.

And beautiful, thrice beautiful,
  Of all things here below,
Are those pure, simple, earnest songs,
  From saintly lips that flow.

They lend the poor dejected soul
  A tireless wing to rise,
From earthly gloom to brighter things
  Beyond the starry skies.

A portion of that Book is read—
  With deep and earnest voice—
Which tells of love for all below,
  And bids the heart rejoice.
Upon their bended knees they fall
  In earnest prayer to Him,
Before whose beams the brightest orb
  That ever shone grows dim.

"O Thou in heaven, who deign'st to smile,
  With kindness on the poor,
And saith unto the penitent,
  Go ye and sin no more.
Bless us thy lowly creatures here,
  Who dare approach thy throne,
And make us live this day to thee—
  To thee, and thee alone."

Oh! thus they pray—and prayers devout,
  Though simple, upward rise,
And ever twine with glory all
  The ways to Paradise.
They're heard by Him in realms above
  Where all our hopes must tend,
If we would gain that brighter world
  Where Sabbaths never end.

Oh! that men all had greater zeal
  To guide and tutor youth,
To follow Him, the lowly born,
  In holiness and truth.
The streams of life would then flow on
  Amid the calms of joy,
And Death would find, whene'er he came,
  Few unprepared to die.

The precepts taught in early years,
  If good those precepts be,
Are beacons in the blackest night
  Upon life's troubled sea.

Where'er we go—in every scene,
  The gloomy and the gay,
They blend a holy influence
  That ne'er can pass away.

But, hark! from yonder ivied tower,
  The cheerful bells resound,
Diffusing life, and joy, and peace,
  To all the world around.
With smiling face, and pious heart,
  The cotter wends along,
Slowly towards the house of prayer,
  And neighbours round him throng.

And much they talk of this and that,
  Of change for best and worst;
How this thing looks, and how it looked
  When they had known it first.
And many a smile, and many a tear,
  From many an eye is cast,
As place or thing to memory dear
  Recalls the cherished past.

Arrived within the churchyard green
  To see some grave they go,
Unmarked by slab, where rustic muse
  Hath told who sleeps below.
'Tis known to them—they o'er it bend,
  And oft I 've heard them say
" God's will be done!—a few days hence
  We perhaps may be as they."

It is decreed that all shall die,
  And none can tell how soon;
The old, the young, and beautiful,
  Alike sink in the tomb.
Oh! should not we at once prepare
  For Death's remorseless call,
As never ending joy or woe
  Hereafter waits for all.

Within those consecrated walls
  Now every tongue is mute,
But his, who standeth to reveal
  The sacred words of truth.

He bids them all adore the Lord
  The while He grants them breath,
And thus ensure His great reward
  Beyond the realms of death.

The service o'er, each worshipper,
  Wends on his homeward way,
To act as pious thoughts suggest
  Upon this holy day.
For well he knows, if evil spent,
  No happiness can come,
Through all the week to glad and cheer
  His lowly cottage home.

The sun has sunk—the shades of eve
  Fall slowly o'er the earth;
And happy faces smile around
  The cotter's humble hearth.
The sacred book 's again brought from
  Its place so clean and neat,
And all their wants seem well supplied,
  Their happiness replete.

Oh! in that sacred volume all
  The wise and good can find,
Rare balm amid the ills of life
  To sooth the troubled mind,
It blends the soul with patience pure,
  And wafts the thoughts above,
To bright abodes amid the blest,
  Where Jesus dwells in love.

The sire now reads of pardoning love,
  In our Redeemer's birth;
And torments he, for sinful men,
  Endured upon the earth.
For though they nailed him to the cross,
  And pierced his body through;
"Father, forgive them," still he cried;
  "They know not what they do."

Again he shows how good triumphs,
  By that sweet tale that 's told;
How he, the wise and good, was by
  His envious brothers sold.

For God being with him, all his works
  Were made to prosper well,
And he in every human heart,
  In love and peace to dwell.

"Oh! sin, dark sin, will more or less
  In all our natures grow,
And if the seeds are not destroyed,
  'Twill lead to direst woe.
'Twas sin, the loved but deadly foe,
  Which prompted Cain to strife;
And in that envious evil hour
  To take his brother's life."

He thus, with comment brief, still reads
  Those holy counsels sage,
Which God has given to guide the steps
  Of men from age to age.
With mark'd attention each one hears
  The love those words reveal,
Till in their hearts they feel that joy,
  The good alone can feel.

With finger on the sacred page,
  The sire now to them speaks
In simple, earnest words, that make
  The tears roll down his cheeks;
His brow seems lit with those rare thoughts,
  As hold a mine of worth,
And make religion like a star,
  Amid the glooms of earth.

"The time is near," he saith, "when I
  Must leave you here behind,
Then hear a father's best advice,
  For your welfare designed.
If you would prosper here on earth,
  And endless glory gain,
Never in action, word, or deed,
  The Sabbath day profane."

"Should sinners try to lure thee from
  Right paths, oh! never stray;
Strength will be given to walk therein,
  If thou to God wilt pray.

Acknowledge Him in all thy ways,
  His righteous laws ne'er flee,
And He, through all life's varied scenes,
  Thy guide and guard will be.

"It is from God, and God alone,
  Our first and greatest friend;
From whom our every blessing flows,
  And all our joys descend.
Give Him your hearts in faith, in love,
  Your hopes upon Him cast,
And He will lead you safe above,
  When life, when all is past."

The night's advanced, and all begin
  To feel the need of rest;
The father sees his counsels good
  Exulting in each breast.
Again he says, "Oh, fear the Lord,
  Walk in His paths aright,"
And kindly breathes those parting words,
  "God bless you all—Good night."

THE SUMMER STORM.

A Fragment.

THE merry morn, which rose unclouded in
The orient spheres, to bear the records
Of another day, and hath not far upon
Its journey sped, has on a sudden changed,
And lo! a sultry vapour floats o'erhead;
And throbbings mystical rise in the air.
The aëriel tribes now hasten home, to
Covert shades, and trees on which the ivy clings,
And 'fords them shelter as the seasons roll.
Lo! there they twitter, nestle and repose,
And wake in quarrel oft, as may be seen,
For one or more, at intervals most brief,
Emerges 'mid loud screams into the air;
And by a circling flight again returns.
The busy gnats make circuits o'er the pond,
And to the fishes fall a frequent prey;
For ever and anon, as one forgetful,
Or of safety hazardous, too near the

Water flies, a tiny head, with open mouth,
Rises to seize it with devouring haste,
In droves, the bees all laden more or less,
At once commence a speedy homeward flight
With feverish look the flowers all droop,
As though expectant of approaching harm;
And now a gloom more sullen floods the air,
The distant hill peaks fade 'mid gathering mist,
The babbling brooks send forth a thirsty sound,
And lo! the pit-a-pat of rain is heard,
Followed by a fast-descending shower;
The dark cloud onward comes fast and more fast,
Until it floats o'erhead, discharging such
A deluge of bright drops, that paths and lawns
At once pond-like appear.

The roses,
Beauteous flowers, now upward turn,
With looks athirst, to drink the genial
Rain as it descends, and cleanse their petals
Of the insect tribe; this having done,
They droop their lovely heads in meek content.
The shower has slightly ceased, and lo!

A gentle breeze, odorous with flowers,
Goes by with rustling sweep, and in its
Careless haste disturbs a bramble brake,
Whence forth a blackbird starts, with
frighted scream;
But as the gentle rain falls on his back,
He laughs outright with very merriment,

The sultry vapour which hung thick around,
With dull oppressive power before the
Storm, has disappeared, and in its stead,
A sudden coldness reigns. The cloud 'twould
Seem had rent ere it reached here, and left
A lagging part afar behind, which now
Comes hovering o'er; and large round drops
Begin once more to fall, but with redoubled
Force, and different too to the preceding;
For Nature, as if by sudden wondrous
Freak, hath the liquid element to substance
Turned, and hail in sheet-like hurricane comes
Bounding down, and swarms with nestling
closeness
In the grass, until each place, near and afar,

Lies 'neath a covering of purest white,
Which, as the sun bursts forth, dissolves in tears.

Behind yon wood, the black expanse recedes,
Fring'd with the lovely hued and glorious bow,
God's token of abiding love to man.

The breath of beauty 's floating in the air,
And with enchanting fragrance Nature wakes,
Enriched with melody and new-born life.
There 're gems of loveliness as lovely here,
As ever from Creation's womb yet broke,
Or gave new birth to holy high-born thought.
Aye! thought that sees in all created things,
The hand divine—the impress of a God!
The wondrous and incomprehensive power,
That gives to Nature silent, unseen growth,
And renders it so lovely in its sphere,
That e'en the meanest mind, endow'd with thought,
Feels, by that thought, raised to transfiguring
Heights of admiration and exalted love.

THE TWO SCENES.

THE sun, in peerless splendour,
  Shines brightly on the plain;
And mirrors in the streamlets,
  And woos the golden grain.
In woodlands, clothed in beauty,
  There's softest melody;
And all around's enchantment.
  The earth appears to be
A land of joy and gladness,
  Of peace and happy love;
Unmarred by sin and sadness,
  The type of worlds above.

But from these scenes so lovely,
  So rich with beauty dight;
Turn we to where God's flowers,
  Lie veiled in sorrow's night.
Where poverty breathes ever
  Its eupus blighting breath;

And joys are theirs—oh never!
  Till past the vale of death.
'Tis in the city's sadness,
  This toil distress and strife,
Drive the poor to crime and madness
  From the brighter walks of life.

Though there are noble workers,
  Who tirelessly pursue
Their angel ministrations,
  They alone can aid but few.
Oh! ye with wealth, with helping hands,
  Thine aid should here be known;
If thou wouldst give to heathen lands,
  Be mindful of thine own.
Go gladden streets and alleys,
  Where desolation's trod;
And soon, like happy valleys,
  They 'll abound with smiles of God.

THE ORPHAN BOY.

BESIDE the cold grave, where a fond parent slept,
An orphan boy stood, and most bitter tears wept,
He gazed on the sod which would soon cover o'er
That dear earthly tie, which time ne'er could restore.
The wind whistled loud, and the mourners were gone,
But the chief of the mourners remained there alone.
The world lay before him, all dreary and grim;
Oh! he felt there was none that would now care for him.
He remembered the words, spoke in life's latest breath,
By the parent he loved, on the cold bed of death:—

"Have an honest true heart, 'tis a sure source of joy,
And God will provide for thee, poor orphan boy."

Know ye not there is one that looks down upon all,
And sees e'en the smallest poor insects that fall?
Surrounded by ills, let but one prayerful word
Rise pure from the heart, and by him 't will be heard.
Oh! the fond mother knew, when her spirit was free
From its earthly abode, he her boy's friend would be.
That night, wrapped in sleep, on the cold cheerless ground,
By a kind, honest heart the poor orphan was found.

Bright smiles soothed and cheered him; but
long years have passed,
And the boy's grown a man, and is happy at
last;
But he ne'er has forgot, 'mid the gay smiles
of joy,
The friend that brought friends to the poor
orphan boy.

THE VIOLET.

WITHIN a vale a violet grew,
In simple modest mien;
On all around it fragrance threw,
But sighed not to be seen.

And there it lived from day to day,
Secluded, on the sod;
The warm sun kiss'd it with its ray—
It upward turned to God!

When other flowers fell 'neath the storm,
  And quickly passed away,
In beauty still, that lowly form
  Bloomed bright 'mid their decay.

In time the floweret died, but still
  Unscathed its roots remain,
And when the spring returns, it will
  In beauty bloom again.

The pure of heart thus trust and love
  When life with care is dim;
They know their Father dwells above,
  In faith they look to Him!

Yes! every hour the good they prize,
  And when they pass the tomb,
They find a home of endless joys,
  'Mid springs of fadeless bloom.

BABE LILIAN.

In our hearts' garden there lives a flower,
  Fair and sweet as the white wild rose;
Brighter and brighter, hour by hour,
  The darling Lilian grows and grows.
But to-day in our face she 'd yearn and look,
  Her bright eyes dim, and her cheeks pale white:
Ah! did we but know what 's in her life's book,
  Or the change that may come this weird-long night.

Feeble and pale on her pillow she lies,
  Our night kiss given, she tries to sleep;
But oft with pain she sighs and sighs,
  And we wearily watch by her side and weep.
Oh! the darling just then looked up and smiled,
  Lovely and sweet as a merry May morn:

How much 't will reward the hours we've toiled
If she wakes refreshed on the morrow's bright dawn.

The world 's at rest, for 'tis past midnight,
But up in the sky the pale stars burn;
They are waiting our baby's spirit to light—
'Twas her farewell smile, and she'll never return!
But no sad grief in our hearts shall rise—
This world was too cold for the fragile dear:
She was one of God's flowers of Paradise,
And white-winged angels have borne her there.

BY TAMAR'S FAIR BEAUTIFUL STREAM.

I WOULD it were summer again,
For then 'neath the sun's golden beam,
I could wander as day 'gins to wane
By Tamar's fair beautiful stream.

Oh, there the green woodlands around
  Are fill'd with the music of song;
And peace and enjoyment are found,
  Shut out from the world's busy throng.
Oh! I would it were summer again.

'T was there I first felt the fond joy
  Of love, in my bosom to glow,
But the cruel fates soon willed that I
  Far away from my charmer should go.
Long years passed away, and renown
  Had deigned me his favourite to own;
I came with my laurels to crown
  My love,—but, alas! she had flown.
Oh! I would it were summer again.

There's a small plot of ground 'neath yon trees,
  Where the birds all their sweetest notes
    sing,
And sweetly perfumed is each breeze
  By the flowers that first welcome the
    spring.

There I stray as the summer days die
  In their beautiful home in the west;
And muse, as the waves ripple by
  The place where my loved one's at rest.
Oh! I would it were summer again.

AND THIS IS THE COTTAGE.

And this is the cottage that long sheltered me
In the blithe days of childhood so peaceful
  and free,
And there's the thatched roof where the
  sparrows would throng,
And twitter aloud all the summer day long.
'Twas my father that made the wood latch
  for the door,
And laid the worn mortar that serves for a floor.
Oh! I've seen many a change in this wide
  world since last
My gaze on these scenes of endearment was
  cast,

But the friends of my youth, that I loved,
and this cot,
In those long years of absence were never
forgot.
When gay or when lonely, I've always found
joy
In reverting to scenes that I loved when a
boy.

But where are those voices I once used to
hear,
That made all these scenes of endearment
more dear—
Those friends of my youth full of mirth-
loving glee,
Who roved all the day in these green fields
with me?
They are gone, they are gone, not one is left
here
To comfort my heart in my old age so drear.
The cot is deserted, but soon it shall be
The last fond resort in this rude world for
me.

I'm aged and weary, and long to be laid
In that small plot of ground 'neath the green
willow shade.
Oh! that some kind heart will but see when
I die
That I'm laid by the friends that I loved
when a boy.

MARY OF THE GLADE.

How sweetly blows the gentle gale,
At close of summer's eve,
When forth to rove within the vale
My lowly cot I leave.
There comes to meet me at that hour,
Beneath the sylvan shade,
A form more fair than fairest flower—
My Mary of the glade.

Sweet music charms her every tone,
And e'en her whispered words;

Oh! when she sings 't is sweeter far
  Than morn's high soaring birds.
Before her dark, but sunlit eyes,
  Each beauty seems to fade;
They love create, which never dies
  For Mary of the glade.

When she's the queen of yonder cot,
  Where wealth and power's unknown,
How blest through life will be my lot
  With her to call my own.
Oh! if before me she should die—
  I 'll wait death undismayed,
And fondly hope to meet on high
  My Mary of the glade.

A SONG OF WEDDED LOVE.

THE rich have power, and homes of state,
  Where all is bright and gay;
And gilded joys upon them wait,
  To chase life's cares away.

They have no toil their bliss to mar,
  But I'll not envious be;
For, oh! my life is brighter far,
  Since it were blest with thee,
    Dear wife!
  Since it were blest with thee.

The world was drear,—oh, very drear,
  Few were the joys I'd known;
I had no friend my heart to cheer,
  And life had weary grown.
At length upon my lonely way,
  An angel rose divine,
To cheer me on,—oh, need I say
  That cherished form was thine,
    Dear wife!
  That cherished form was thine.

There's always round my humble hearth,
  A cheerful, soothing smile,
That fills with joy my daily path,
  And lightens all my toil.

My soul fond raptures always move,
When evening spreads her gloam,
To see those looks alight with love,
To smile me welcome home,
Dear wife!
To smile me welcome home.

THE MOTHER TO HER CHILD.

Oh! come to thy mother, thou cherub wee thing,
Thy smile makes joy tears start!
Oh! come to thy mother, and close to her cling,
And she 'll press thee to her heart;
Eaoh hour thou remind'st her of past dear joys,
Ah, joys, she can never more see;
For thy father has gone to his home in the skies,
And will never come back to thee—
Sweet babe!
And will never come back to thee.

Last night as thou lay'st on thy pillow, sweet
babe,
Thy mother knelt by thee in prayer;
And she prayed that He who the rare trea-
sure gave,
Would for her thy dear life spare.
Through fast flowing tears as thee she kiss'd,
A vision her eyes could see,
Where moonbeams parted the silvery mist,
The angels smiled on thee,
Sweet babe!
The angels smiled on thee.

We are poor, alas! and they say we must part,
But never, no, never, my child!
Thou shalt nestle to this fond heart,
'Mid wintry changes wild.
Oh! would not the angel death gather thee
flower,
If thou wert parted from me;
But rather, oh rather, till life's last hour
Thy mother will toil for thee,
Sweet babe!
Thy mother will toil for thee.

THE DEAD WARRIOR.

In the cold grave he's laid, where his comrades have borne him,
The guns have been fired, and the loud echoes cease;
The cold earthly covering is slowly laid o'er him,
And the war-weary soldier now slumbers in peace.
Not the trumpet's shrill blast, nor the cannon's loud rattle—
Though on this lone spot their dread thunders outpour—
Can again rouse that form, bold and foremost in battle:
He sleeps in Death's arms, and will never wake more.

Oh! bravely he fought, in the land of the stranger,
Hand to hand with the foe, his dear country to save;

In the blaze of the battle's brunt, fearless of danger,
He fell, all bemourned by the noble and brave.
Oh! sleep, dauntless warrior, there's none will disown thee!
For bright are thy deeds, and all-spotless thy name;
In the songs of thy country the muse will enthrone thee,
And where's there a place more illumined by fame?

THE SWEET BANKS OF DEVON.

On the sweet banks of Devon in summer's gay hours,
Where woodland robed mountains o'erlook the wide sea,
Like the goddess of morn among June's golden flowers,
Thou cam'st in thy beauty fair maiden to me.

From that hour my soul dreamt fondest dreams of delight,
And revelled in charms of unfelt before bliss;
Oh! I 'd heard of a world far more lovely and bright,
But thought there was none half so joyous as this.

Though years have gone by, with their changes, since last
'Mid those scenes of enchantment I wandered with you,
Yet sweet 'tis to me, love, to muse on that past,
And fondly recall thy loved image to view.
There 's a voice that steals o'er when musing alone,
It comes like the charms of rare music divine;
I list the sweet sound, for 't is so like thine own,
That I feel thou art near me, all mine, love — ah, mine!

OLD ENGLAND'S MARTIAL SPIRIT.

Oh! again the martial spirit of Old England has come,
And many a brave heart 's beating to the trumpet and the drum.
The fires of ancient valour in each bosom brightly burns,
And the soldier's dauntless heart again for deeds of glory yearns.
Then hurrah, my boys, hurrah! hurrah, my boys, hurrah!
There 's none that 's like the soldier in the dread time of war.

His daring deeds of valour 't would be vain of me to tell,
Since history has enrolled them, and his country knows them well.

Only place him near the foe, my boys, with
flashing sword and gun,
And he 'll do his work unflinching, and
you 'll never know him run.
Then hurrah, my boys, hurrah, &c.

O let the proud invader on Old Britain's
shore be seen,
And mark you how he 'll fight for his country
and his Queen;
His soul will flash with courage, and he 'll
either die or do,
For he 's as brave as those, my lads, who
fought at Waterloo.
Then hurrah, my boys, hurrah! hurrah, my
boys, hurrah!
There 's none that 's like the soldier in the
dread time of war.

THE SAILOR'S FAREWELL.

THE day was near gloamin', the billows were foamin',
The ship was at anchor not far from the shore,
When a tar kissed his Nancy, the lass of his fancy,
And said, "dearest girl, we may never meet more."

"I shall soon be in motion, upon the wide ocean,
From the land of my birth and each friend true and kind;
Though messmates are cheery, my heart will be dreary,
When I think of thee, love, so far, far behind."

She cried, "Ah! dear ranger, in the land of the stranger,
You'll see other faces more charming and bright,
Then of love, each fond token, I fear will be broken,
And all thoughts of Nancy for ever take flight."

Said Jack, "My dear barke, a moment now hark ye,
Keep an eye on your helm, let your colours be true,
Be steadfast in steering, and never be veering,
And this heart, and this hand, shall be constant to you."

"Then I'll pray to kind heaven, that you may be given,
An angel's protection upon the salt foam,
And when you're returning, my heart shall be burning,
With ardent affection to welcome you home."

The tar was a stranger to fear, when in danger,
But love is a tyrant that few can subdue,
In his eyes with love beaming, the bright tears were gleaming,
As he fondly embraced her and whispered, "Adieu!"

THE GARIBALDIAN CALL TO FREEDOM.

HAVE courage, my brothers, from spiritless dreaming
Awake! be attentive to freedom's behest;
In this our birthland, with fair plenty teeming,
We'll be the lords, not the toil-worn oppress'd.
Heed not the promise of tyrants who'd sell ye,
Let not dissension true purpose divide;

Onward, press onward, and all yet shall well be,
Only be brothers—stand firm side by side.

Think of our homes, where the loved ones are groaning,
Beneath the cold hand of injustice and wrong;
Helots are ye, if ye list the sad moaning,
While freedom's awaiting the noble and strong.
Ye that are cravens we need not to join us,
Stout hearts we want, with a purpose in view;
Come ye then, brothers, with strong arms entwine us,
Boldly press onward to dare and to do.

Have courage, my brothers, oppression is quaking,
Forward, ye few, mount the triumphal van;

Lo! in the future a bright dawn is breaking,
Bravely press on to the battle for man.
The tyrants of might on their proud thrones tremble,
Dastard oppression no longer shall be;
Come then, my brothers, ne'er fear or dissemble,
Strike deep for freedom, press onward, be free!

THE VILLAGE ORATOR.

A Fragment.

Oft I have seen an hoary, wrinkled sire,
Sit, in the summer hours, beneath the shade
Of these benignant trees, with groups of
Honest rustics gathered round, eager to
Hear the wondrous store of tales, which he, with
Thrilling and effective force could tell, of
Gallant knights and squires being crossed in
Love, or other equally involving charm—who,

Finding eloquence and rare device, win
No accomplishment to crown their hopes, would,
When wrathful, disappointment dwindled out,
Seek solace in retirement's quiet shade.
Till many souls, which kingdoms might have proved
Too small to hold, had fate propitious been
To their first hopes, had died in solitude
Unwept, unknown. He too was skilled in
Legendary lore, and oft when near some ruin,
Would relate strange stories, in his grave and
Measured way, pointing mysterious to
The place or thing, to which the purport of
His words had reference. So well his voice,
At all times, he could modulate, that all
A poet's fervour thrilled his heart, and
Gave effect congenial to his listeners,
Till each by his oration felt endued
With inspiration's silent power of soul.

CHRISTMAS.

WE 'VE Christmas again in the old land now,
To brighten the Winter's dark day;
And though there's a wrinkle of age on his brow,
He's cheerful and merry as aye.
Rare wealth he has scattered with liberal hand,
To comfort the needy and sad.
Oh! few are the hearts in the old, old land,
That Christmas cannot make glad.

The ivy and holly with berries well fraught,
Is hung from the ceiling high,
And many a fair one's under it brought
All blushing good humour'd and coy.
Now old friends meet, that have not met
Since Christmas was here before,
Nor do they the absent ones forget,
Nor those they'll never meet more.

But why blend care with the hour of glee,
  I hear a kind voice say!
Should we not meet, and be merry and free,
  From sorrow and care to-day?
Ah true! but the sky when clearest and bright
  Hath oft-times a dark cloud near;
And as oft when the heart is gay with delight,
  Sad feelings will enter there.

But let's be merry, and drive care away,
  'Tis the season of mirth and glee;
If friends are not with us, we'll hope they may
  Be happy wherever they be.
And as time moves on his annual round,
  And brings Old Christmas dear;
Oh, may there ever be plenty found,
  To give him a welcome here.

WHEN JACK RETURNS FROM SEA.

OLD time must surely somewhere stay,
  So slow the hours go by;
'Tis true that I'm to care a prey—
  Ah! do not ask me why.
I ne'er can rid my heart of pain,
  Nor gay and cheerful be,
Till happy days come back again,
  With Jack's return from sea.

No doubt his country needs him now
  Upon the mighty main;
Oh! when she calls, you must allow
  The call is ne'er in vain.
Jack's colours to the fiercest foe,
  As yet were ne'er hauled down—
His maxim in the fight, you know,
  Is "Conquer, boys, or drown."

What though he spends some hours ashore
  In mirth and revelry;
Works he not for his gold, therefore,
  Has right to spend it free.
Let landsmen turn abashed away,
  They 've faults enow to scan;
With all his errors, none can say
  Jack 's not a valiant man.

Oh! hasten on, ye lingering hours,
  And bring the time about,
When joy with all her magic powers
  Shall put dull care to rout.
I 'll try to rid my heart of pain,
  And gay and cheerful be,
For there 'll be happy days again,
  When Jack returns from sea.

CHRISTMAS MORN.

How sweet the merry bells resound o'er
mountain, wood, and lea,
As slowly wend the village throng, with
joyous sanctity,
To the church in yonder valley, where bright
evergreens adorn
The windows—dear remembrance of this
blissful, hallowed morn.
Oh, there the rich and poor will meet with
one accord to join
Their hearts and voice in earnest prayer and
songs of praise divine,
To Him who came upon this morn man's
rebel heart to win,
And bid him 'scape an endless woe—the dire
reward of sin;
Who after died a suffering death, that all,
when life should cease,
Through Him might gain—O blessed hope!—
eternal joy and peace.

For love so pure who then would not exalt a
lauding voice,
And deep with sacred gratitude upon this
morn rejoice.

O ye that revel 'mid the best the teeming
earth can bring,
Who ne'er have felt the direful pain of
hunger's venom'd sting,
Look kindly on the suffering poor, treat them
not with disdain,
But learn their wants and sympathize,—let
them not plead in vain;
Nor say that they deserve to want, should
"erring" be their plea;
For none can tell, though wealthy now, what
soon their lot may be.
Their sky of life, like yonder sky, may now
be bright and clear,
But ere long hence a cloud of ills may make
each prospect drear;

Yet, even then, bless'd they would be, if like
our Lord they 'd scan
With generous, feeling sympathy, the wants
and faults of man.
Aye, strive his mind to elevate and wrong
desires control,
By deeds and words that soothe and cheer his
weary drooping soul.
This would not only gender love and raise the
world's acclaim,
But gain a glory greater far than shines in
earthly fame;
'Twould give their spirits strength at last to
soar to realms above,
There to repose beneath the smile of God's
unchanging love.

THE OLD YEAR.

Oh! soon from the hand of time will fall,
  The tome of the old, old year;
'Tis a book well filled, I ween for all—
  For who hath not something there?
Old memories rise in a thousand ways,
  And oft-times lead us back
To all the sunniest dear old days,
  That glisten along its track.

In fancy again the summer appears,
  Enrobed in the glory of Spring;
The flowers lie round us empearl'd with tears,
  And green-ways with melody ring.
The world seems bright with merry sunshine,
  And we sit 'neath the fragrant bowers,
Where the laugh and the song oft rose divine,
  In summer's gay golden hours.

Oh! there's not a spot we gaze on again,
  In the path of the by-gone year,
But holds some relics of pleasure and pain,
  That cling to remembrance dear.
The old days echo a gladdening sound,
  That cheers the heart when alone;
But oft they mingle a dirge profound,
  For some heart nestling flown.

There's change for all in this world below—
  Time marks us one by one;
We come, we go, 'mid joys and woe,
  But merrily Time goes on.
As the leaves in Autumn, and flowers in Spring,
  Old and young 'neath his influence fall—
Oh! the past year's book that Time doth bring,
  Hath many a tale for all.

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